

long and so hermit-like that none but the grandparents of the children who played in the lane, could remember when he first came amongst them. During the long fifty years, where he came from, or who his people were, was a mystery to all the townfolk, and when any of them called around to chat, they seemed to know instinctively that they should ask no curious questions.

How he lived, was also a wonder to many; but the neighbors on the streets nearby had been very good to him, and remembered him bountifully, ever since the spell of sickness that made him unable any longer to cultivate his little garden.

The old man, now fourscore and over, seemed to enjoy life however. His days glided away apparently in the fairyland of souvenirs. He loved the children in the lane, picked flowers and chatted with them, and often his laugh would rise merrily above theirs; the sweet innocence of childhood seemed pleasing to him, with its unclouded skies and its dreamy moments of contentment.

The grown-up boys and girls also loved to visit him in his old cabin and listen to the stories he would tell them of Ireland. At times, his eyes filled with tears as he described the wonders of the land across the sea. The old man was educated and always interesting; but he always evaded any questions about the spot where he was born or about his family history.

One day he took a picture from his prayer-book, and showed it to a group of young visitors. It was that of a child, with blue eyes and dark hair, dressed in red merino, and over her shoulders a cape with a little hood attached to it.

"There, children," he began, proudly holding up the picture, "there's a real *colleen*, as sweet and as beautiful as any flower that blooms in the lane here." And tear bedimmed, he gazed long and lovingly at the pretty face in the picture.

"Did I know her?" you ask. Oh, sure, yes, I knew her, and a lovelier child was never found anywhere outside of heaven. "Who was she?" do you say? Oh, just a little Irish child I once knew. She is an angel now—God bless her!—and we were great friends!"

The last words were uttered with infinite pathos, and O'wney brushed the tears away and quietly put the picture back